

## FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

### LIFE ON THE FARM.

At the foot of the hill the milk house stands,  
Where the Babe of Gilead spreads his hands,  
And the wisp of trails at each pendant tip,  
The lazy lash of a golden whip,  
And in vice-cold spring with a tinkling sound,  
Makes a bright green edge for the dark green ground.

Cool as a cave is the air within,  
Brave as the shelves with the burnished tin  
Of the curving shores, and the seas of white  
That turn to gold in a single night,  
As if the disc of a single moon  
Should take the hint of a new doubloon!

Burned to a coal is the amber day,  
Noon's splendid fire has faded away,  
And, lodged on the edge of a world grass grown.

Like a great live amber glows the sun;  
When it falls behind the crimson bars  
Look out for the sparks of the early stars.

With the clang of her bell a motherly brown—  
No trace of her lineage handed down—  
Is leading the long deliberate line  
Of the Devon red and the Durhams fine:

"Co-boss!" "Co-boss!" and the caravan  
With a dowager swing comes down the lane  
And lowering along from the clover bed  
Troops over the bars with a lumbering tread.

Under the lee of the patient beasts,  
On their tripod stools like Phythian priests,  
The tow-clad boys and the linsey girls  
Make the cows "give down" in milky swirls.  
There's a story time in the drifted pails,  
There's a seafoam swath in the driving gales,  
Then boys and girls with whistle and song,  
Two pails apiece, meander along  
The winding path in the golden gloom,  
And "set" the milk in the twilight room.

### FARM LAW.

We often have letters asking questions in relation to farm law, adapted to various localities. In cases where local questions intervene, reference must, of course, be had to State laws operative thereto. As covering some point relative to highway law, of a general character, Austin's Farm Law says:

A deed of a farm bounded on a highway gives to the farmer the title to the center of the road, and he has the exclusive right to the soil, subject to the right of passing in the public. He can maintain an action against any person who digs up the soil or cuts down any trees growing on the side of the road, or deposits wood, wagons or other things thereon. He may carry the water in pipes under the highway and use the grass, trees, stones, sand, or anything of value to him which are in his half of the road, subject to the right of the public to travel over the highway. The farmer can maintain an action against any person who cuts his trees on the highway in order to move buildings. The fact that the owner has obtained permission from the town would not exempt him from liability. And no person has a right to hitch his horse to a tree which stands on the roadside, or pick up fruit which has fallen upon the ground from the same.

### NOTES.

Employ only trustworthy help to care for your live stock.

Increase the feed of fattening animals and protect them from the cold.

The latest competition threatening British farmers is the importing of bailed hay from the United States.

The dairy business is not suffering from lack of good cows, but from lack of good men who will take care of them properly.

More than ten million eggs arrive in New York each week. The chief supply is from Canada and Michigan. A single Canada train had thirty one cars, with 200,000 eggs in each.

"A dollar goes farther now than it used to," says an exchange. We guess that is true, friend. We need to be able to get within sight of one, but now we seldom do. They must go farther away.

It is said that the Government crop report, just published, estimates that the area sown to winter wheat in the United States for the crop of next summer is 22 per cent. less than the area of a year ago.

There are 14,000 acres of vineyard along the Hudson river valley, and the average yield is four tons to the acre. At three cents per pound this means \$240 per acre to the grower. Some grow larger crops than this average, and realize \$500 per acre in the sales.

The wool-growers of Sonoma and Mendocino counties, California, have adopted resolutions unanimously demanding that the duties on wool be untouched, in order to keep up the present rate of good wages, and to protect the country from the product of the pauper labor of Europe.

Much has been said about feeding skim-milk to pigs, and its value for that purpose. And now a writer in the London (Eng.) *Provisioner* states that, according to his own experience, skim-milk is worth, for pig rearing and feeding, from 1½ to 2 cents per gallon, "providing that care is taken to give the pigs other food which contains a good proportion of fat, of which skim milk is deficient. This is a higher estimate of its value than we remember to have seen made by any American authority.

In relation to preventing young apple trees from bark bursting from sun scald, Mr. E. B. Brown, Calhoun Co., Ill., writes; Have them marked before being taken from the nursery, and set them in the orchard with the same side to the sun, that was exposed thereto in the nursery. Do not cut any of the lower limbs in trimming, leaving them to shade the body of the young tree. This has been successfully tried in Calhoun Co., Ill. In after years the lower limbs can be gradually removed without injury to the trees.

Three eights in succession. It is 111 years since our heroic grandfathers and great-grandfathers wrote the three successive sevens, in the year succeeding that of American independence. It will be 111 years before our grandchildren and great-grandchildren—good luck to them!—write the three successive nines. Then, 223 years later, if the world still lives and the moon has not yet tumbled, time will deal a hand with four of a kind—four twos, 222—something that has not happened since the days of Peter the hermit.

The animal heat is 96° Fahrenheit, winter and summer, when the animal is in health. If it rise ten degrees the animal

dies unless relief is quickly given. If the temperature of the body is lowered ten degrees death is sure to follow quickly. The raising or lowering of the temperature by two or three degrees indicates fever in the one case or chill in the other. The water taken into the stomach must be warmed there to correspond to the heat of the body. Water taken into the stomach at 32° shocks the system to such a degree that often serious results follow. This is most easily seen in the shrinking of the milk. It is, however, fully as detrimental with feeding animals. Hence dairymen, especially who have once heated the drinking water for cows in winter, never discontinue the practice. It really costs less to heat the drinking water artificially than in the fat-producing food fed the animal, for it is by the combustion of food containing starch, sugar, gum or oil, that the animal heat is kept up. Some dairymen now when they use chopped feed give it warm. When we reflect that much the larger proportion of the daily food of farm animals is consumed in keeping up the daily waste, in winter, the value of giving the animals water so modified that it will not chill the system will be fully appreciated.

### Oil on Troubled Waters.

The hereditary Prince of Monaco, owner of the schooner yacht *Hirondelle*, tells Admiral Cloué, of the French navy, of some interesting experiments made with oil at sea. The *Hirondelle* is 104 feet long, 11½ feet draft and 200 tons displacement. Her return voyage from Newfoundland to France was made in twelve days. The Prince says: "Anticipating a rough sea on the Banks of Newfoundland, I had housed her topmast and two yards. I prepared in advance, for the purposes of this experiment two sacks, made of sail cloth, each holding about three gallons, with nets made of cord to hold the sacks and protect them from chafing; also two galvanized iron receivers in which to keep the sacks ready for use. I used the oil for the first time on the morning of July 29, in latitude 43 deg. 35 min. N., longitude 46 deg. 25 min. W., heading for Newfoundland. The wind was strong from the S. W., with a sea that forced us to take the port tack. The sea was running high, threatening to sweep our decks, and we put out to the windward a hemp sack filled with porpoise oil. Immediately the oil began to spread the sea decreased perceptibly. About three gallons of oil ran out in an hour and a half and running so freely because the new sack had not been previously wet. August 19, in latitude 50 deg. 35 min. N., and longitude 43 deg. 34 min. W., wind W. N. W., we ran into a violent tempest, shipped great seas, and the sailors were dangerously knocked about. From 3 p. m. fearing for our safety, I put the oil in place, and from that time no annoying incident occurred. In a short time our deck was dry, although we were flying at a speed of twelve knots, leaving behind us a smooth wake of oily aspect. In the evening the sea stove in our starboard bulwarks a length of sixteen feet and washed over us again. At this time the sacks which we had neglected were empty. We filled them again, and at once enjoyed a new period of calm, which continued until the diminution of the tempest. We used but about three gallons of oil in three hours. On the morning of August 23, in latitude 49 deg. 10 min. N., longitude 28 deg. 15 min. W., wind W., our little schooner ran into a cyclone. From noon until 9 p. m. the wind blew a gale. Two hours later, the sea being very heavy, we placed a sack to windward, and when the oil ran the vessel seemed protected by an invisible barrier against the furious waves which crashed one over the other until near her, but at the worst of the hurricane, from 4 to 8 p. m., the sea broke over her decks many times. A single sack did not suffice, and I hesitated to double the consumption, as our supply was low, and we had still 900 miles to run in a very uncertain season. At daybreak the wind still blew fresh from W. S. W., and our vessel was laboring heavily. I determined to run before the wind, but that manœuvre being a very dangerous one, I put out a sack several minutes before letting go, and while we hoisted the standing jib a quantity of oil was put overboard. The *Hirondelle* came out of this last, but not least difficulty handsomely. In two of these occasions it seems possible to affirm that oil, though sparingly employed calmed the violence of the sea."

### Italian Military Balloons.

Captive balloons for the Italian army in Abyssinia have been made in Paris under the supervision of Count Pecori Gerardi, Director of the Italian Aeronautic Service. They are lighter than those hitherto used for purposes of military reconnaissance, being only 331 cubic metres in volume instead of 500, and having a diameter of eight metres. This reduction of size renders it unnecessary to have a steam engine to work the windlass on which the rope holding the balloon captive is wound. Six hundred men are sufficient for the purpose, and in case of need even the windlass may be dispensed with. Count Pecori Gerardi has also obtained a balloon in England which, with a volume of 180 cubic metres, can raise an observer 500 metres high. It is made of gold-beater's skin of great strength, the net and rope being of silk, and the car weighing only two to three kilogrammes. The use of the telephone to speak from the car to the ground, or even to the quarters of the commanding officer, by producing the number of observers, has tended to diminish the size and weight of captive military balloons. Count Pecori Gerardi has, in addition, adopted a small balloon of 50 cubic metres for signalling at night, by means of electric incandescent lamps, placed outside the balloon and in front of a reflector. This mode of fixing the lamps has been preferred, because the shell of the balloon, though translucent, is not very clear, and would cut off a great part of the light were the lamps enclosed within it, as is sometimes done. A Morse key to "make" and "break" the current is part of the outfit; so is an aspirator to transfer the gas from one balloon to another. The gas is made at Naples and sent to Massowah in light steel tubes, each containing 4,000 litres in a volume of 32 cubic metres, and at a pressure of 220 atmospheres. These tubes will be carried on camels in the desert tracks and on mules among the mountains. The weight of tubes necessary is less than the weight of zinc, acid and water requisite to supply the gas by chemical means on the spot. It is expected that the balloon will not only be useful in Abyssinia for purposes of strategy but also in disconcerting the enemy.—[London Times.

## OLD TIME CANADIAN GRIZZLIES.

In the following lively article from *The New York Sun*, the writer seems to be under the impression that the Province of Manitoba extends to the Rocky Mountains:—

"As enormous and formidable a beast as is the grizzly bear that has its range in haunts in the United States it is far exceeded in size and ferocity by the bear of the same family that makes its home in the bleak and wild hills of Manitoba," said Mr. J. H. Inman, formerly, a fur contracting agent of the Hudson Bay Company in that territory. "I do not know any reason why the grizzly bear of the Manitoba-Rockies should grow so much larger than the grizzly of the same mountains in the States, but a long experience in hunting these bears in their respective localities has proved to me that such is the fact. I never killed or trapped a grizzly south of Manitoba that measured more than seven and a half from nozzle to tail, with probably the same girth, or one that weighed more than 1,200 pounds. It was no rare thing, at least ten years ago, to be confronted in the solitudes of Manitoba by one of these monsters nine feet in length, nine in girth and with a bulk of 1,600 pounds or more. When a Manitoba grizzly throws itself on its great haunches and rises up before a hunter, it towers often five or six feet above him, and it takes a brave man to stand in that most formidable presence, with steady nerves and a cool head. I have more than once discovered the measuring marks of a grizzly's front claws on the bark of a tree trunk.

### SEVENTEEN FEET FROM THE GROUND.

Imagine coming suddenly upon a beast like that in some deep ravine or some isolated spot almost impassable with down timber, and surrounded by rocks and thick underbrush. The sight of his great jaws, open and red, and his eyes flashing in fury at you from the enormous head that towers so far above you, is something only to be appreciated when once seen.

"Fifteen years ago the grizzly bear was so numerous among the Manitoba Rockies that the Hudson Bay Company annually secured many hundreds of their skins from the hunters and trappers, but they are now quite a rarity, and I doubt if one can be seen without a tedious journey of at least 500 miles into the interior of the territory. They have met almost as hard a fate as the buffalo, although from the nature of their haunts and the difficulties attending the hunting and trapping of them, they, like the Manitoba moose, will never become extinct. I believe the moose, although it requires the flesh of at least 2,000 to supply the military stations alone in the Territory with fresh meat every year, is as plenty in his wild retreats as he has been at any time since the great fur and pelt hunting inroads on the game animals of the Territory were begun.

Once, in company with a Half-breed named Jacques, I came in one of my tramps suddenly into an opening in a piece of poplar forest, which is among the most abundant of timber about the base of the Manitoba Rockies, and the opening had previously been taken possession of by about as big a grizzly bear as I had ever seen. My companion was

### A TYPICAL SPECIMEN

of his kind—tall, wiry, gaunt, a bundle of muscles and sinews. I don't believe he ever knew what fear was, and was as calm and unmoved in the presence of an infuriated grizzly as he would have been with a dying coyote. At the same time he had the caution and hesitation of all good half-breed hunters in attacking a grizzly, and at once looked for every point of vantage in the surroundings, in case we should be compelled to come to close quarters with the bear. Our appearance in the opening had been a surprise to the bear, which was engaged in tearing with its great front claws a decayed log to pieces in search of grubs—a curious paradox in nature, an enormous, fierce, formidable beast, with power to tear to pieces the largest buffalo bull with a few blows of its claws, digging in rotten timber for the smallest insect life and feeding upon it. After recovering from its first surprise the bear towered aloft on its hind feet, and relieved itself by several roars that were not reassuring for our comfort. It threw its forepaws straight up above its head, and for an instant stood as if about to charge fiercely upon us. It probably had such intention, but as it stood erect, a vulnerable and vital part exposed—of which parts there are few on a grizzly bear—Jacques took cool and quiet aim, and sent a ball into the vitals of the huge bear, which gave two or three powerful blows with its forepaws on the wounded part, accompanying them with its well-known roar or howl, and fell dead without moving out of its tracks. The bear had hardly touched the ground, Jacques' rifle being still raised in readiness to pour a second charge into the animal's body if the first had not proved sufficient, when there came a loud crash off to our right in the brush, and before either of us was prepared for what followed it, I saw my half-breed guide raised clear from his feet.

### HURLED THROUGH THE AIR

for three or four yards, and fall in a heap on the ground near the bear he had killed. A second grizzly had heard the cries of the one Jacques had shot, and, notwithstanding the allegations made by most writers on the habits of the grizzly bear that one of them will not voluntarily attack a man, came dashing to the spot, and had not waited to look into the cause of the trouble, but had taken a hand in at once by an attack on Jacques that had been most effective. The bear paid no attention whatever to me, but followed up his attack on my companion. Jacques did not need any further intimation to know what he had on hand, and he was on his feet again with amazing quickness. The blow from the bear's paw had torn the flesh from his left cheek and side of his head, and it hung in strips down on his neck. Jacques' gun had been forced from his hand. The blood poured from his head and face in streams. He quickly drew his short-handled hunting axe, which was in his belt, and awaited the charge of the bear, which was fully as large as the one that lay dead on the ground. The charge of the bear was so terrible that it must have borne down half a dozen stalwart men, and consequently Jacques was no more than a reed in a gale before it. He went down and the grizzly stood over him and glared and growled, as if enjoying the hunter's peril and rejoicing over the fate that awaited him. These incidents had all occurred with such rapidity that I had not time to think, let alone act, but when I saw Jacques lying at the mercy

of the great brute that would crush him to death at the next blow of his terrible paw, I knew that his life depended on my course. Mechanically I sprang forward, and, placing the muzzle of my rifle almost in the bear's right ear, as he stood glaring at and gloating over his victim,

### PULLED BOTH TRIGGERS.

No more effective shot was ever fired. The heavy bullets ploughed through the grizzly's brain and flogged the top of his great head off like the lid of a kettle. The huge brute, although he must have died almost instantly, actually remained standing for at least a minute, as he stood when I fired, one immense paw raised to give the fatal blow to his prostrate victim, and at last fell over by the side of Jacques, with one fore leg thrown across the hunter's breast. The gigantic Half-breed was unconscious, and remained so for several minutes. His left side had been crushed by the bear's second charge, and he poor fellow was bruised and torn shockingly in other places. I got him safely to our quarters, and it was a month before he got around again. He was terribly disfigured, the one side of his face being a ghastly scar, but he recovered his former strength, and the last I ever heard of him he was still hunting grizzlies, and many had fallen under his deadly aim since his close call in the poplar woods, the time my timely shot saved his life.

"While I believe that a grizzly bear will in a majority of cases wait for a fight with a man, and take pains to get in the way of one, there are times when it will seem to think better of it and back out. A remarkable instance of this kind I heard of once, where a famous Manitoba guide courageously advanced upon three grizzlies, an old she one and two half-grown young bears, and by a series of ridiculous

### MONKEY SHINES.

and acrobatic manœuvres on the ground within a rod or two of the bears filled them with such astonishment and apparent fear that the three retreated into the woods with all rapidity. The guide's gun had snapped in both barrels, he having drawn on the old bear before the young one appeared. He afterward said that it was in a fit of desperation that he tried the turning of a handspike, and jumping up and down, flopping his hands, and resorting to other unhunterlike measures. He had been told once that a hunter had frightened a mountain lion away by similar absurd movements, and he found that it worked to perfection in the case of the bears, although he did not encourage any one to go hunting grizzlies armed with nothing more than a capacity to turn somersaults.

"When there were buffalo on the plains the Manitoba grizzlies were great hunters of them. When a buffalo and a grizzly met there was always sure to be a contest, but it seldom lasted long, and the buffalo was usually the victim. The buffalo would charge upon the bear, which awaited the onset of his foe erect on his haunches. As the buffalo dashed upon him the bear threw himself aside, and with a blow as quick as lightning with one of his forepaws seldom failed to break his antagonist's neck. A grizzly bear has been known to engage in quick succession four and even five big buffalo bulls, and to kill every one of them. It frequently happened, however, that some younger and more active bull than his companions succeeded in evading the fatal blow of the grizzly's terrible forepaw long enough to give in turn a fatal thrust with his horn in the bear's side, puncturing the vitals, and making of the contest a mutual slaughter."

## PERHAPS THE LAND OF "SEE."

A Wonderful African Land Where There is Constitutional Rule.

Amatongaland is so natural an extension of Zululand that in many maps it is colored as belonging to it. Roughly, it measures nearly 100 miles long by fifty broad, and has a population of 200,000. Its form of government is a limited monarchy. The country is divided into seventeen provinces, some of which are governed by princesses. The three branches of the Legislature are represented by the sovereign, his Indunas, who live at the royal kraal, and may be said to correspond to the British House of Lords, and a grand council or parliament of the nation. This parliament holds the real power of the state and passes all the laws. It is called up whenever important questions arise, and deliberates in the open air at the king's kraal. It differs from the English House of Commons only in the members comprising it being elected by the people. Most of them exercise administrative functions in the districts to which they belong. During the minority of the son of the late King, who died in 1875, the sovereign power is vested in the Queen Regent Zambela, his last wife (his first having no issue), who is described as a young and extremely pretty woman, with fine and delicate lips, an oval face, and a small, well-formed head, set on a beautiful throat. She has a charming sympathetic manner, and is extremely popular with the people. Her chief councillor, Tsigish, long a trusty friend of the old King, is a very capable administrator, while her "white adviser," Mr. Grantham, son of the late Captain Grantham, of the English army, and a native belle, possesses an influence which has all along been exercised in favor of a rapprochement between the Amatongas and England. Hitherto they have prudently excluded whites from their country to prevent the Boers from overrunning it; but their attitude towards England has always been friendly.

### A Tiny Horse.

There is on exhibition in New York what is claimed to be probably the smallest horse in the world, for it weighs only 73 pounds and stands only about 33 inches high. He is a recent arrival, is a native of Yokohama, Japan, and belongs to the family of hardy and diminutive ponies common in Japan, but he is the lilliput of his race. Yen Hoc, as he is called, is very thin just at present owing to hardships which he was obliged to endure during his voyage across the ocean. He came over on the ship *Ariel*, which was 158 days in making the trip from Hong Kong. The ship ran short of provisions and for days Yen Hoc lived on nothing but a few handfuls of rice. On his arrival here he was so weak and thin that he could not stand up. For several days he was quartered in a saloon on Monroe street under an oyster counter, but is now one of the attractions of a dime museum on the Bowery. His age is four years and he is the property of Policeman Benjamin, a present from a sea captain, to whom Benjamin was of some assistance in recovering stolen money several years ago.

## HORRORS OF A DAKOTA WINTER.

The Deadly Blizzard—How it Works Destruction to Both Man and Beast—Where is its Home?

A correspondent who has recently visited the scene of the late blizzards writes as follows:—The day I left Chicago, Judge J. F. Kinney, Indian Agent, Yankton, Dakota, arrived in Nebraska after nine days' travel by rail in these blizzards, the last five days averaging only six miles a day, and telegraphed to an acquaintance of mine in Chicago that in only one county of Dakota 160 lives were known to be lost, and that over 1,000 had perished in Dakota alone. Up to this time only 235 deaths had been reported to the Chicago papers from the whole blizzard region, which includes Minnesota, Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, and the whole western plains beyond. From what I know of this region and the severity of the storm I am satisfied that not less than 3,000 human beings and over a million dollars' worth of live stock were in those ten days of blizzard sacrificed to the ice king—an insatiable monster, much more to be dreaded than the lurking of Teutonic legend. During this fearful trip, Judge Kinney says, as the coal ran low and other fuel became exhausted, the passengers crowded into one car, and the men gave to the women and children their outer garments, and even wrapped children in the mail sacks. In spite of all, two children in their car froze to death. But this was nothing as compared to the mortality of those caught in the open air by the blizzard blasts. A Mr. Clark and his wife were going in a sleigh to Yankton when the blizzard struck them. Their horses refused to face the storm. They turned loose the horses, fastened themselves together with a leather strap, and went before the wind—anything to keep in motion—till they came to a haystack. Into this they burrowed and stayed all night. In the morning, discovering a house near by, Mr. Clark crawled to it on his hands and knees (he was too badly frozen to walk) and sent assistance to his wife. When it arrived she was dead. A Mr. Chambers and his boy lost their way within half a mile of home. He saved the boy's life by burying him in the snow, but perished himself. The boy says his father kept calling for help all night, and only died one hour before a rescuing party reached them. The boy was not badly frozen.

A farmer started to water his flock—only a few rods from the house—became blinded by the fine frozen particles that filled the air, lost his way, determined to keep in motion, and walked upon the open prairie all the next night and the following day to find his house, and was rescued twenty miles from his home. Others, in similar circumstances, walked in a circle all night and saved their lives by violent exercise, knowing that it was death to stop. The Indians in that region seem to understand this better than the whites, for of all caught in the late blizzard, while out hunting, not one was known to be lost.

One man started on horseback to ride home against the blizzard. It was only a mile away, but when the horse came up to the front door, the wife opened it only to find her husband sitting upright in the saddle, frozen stiff—an equestrian statue more ghastly than the one that frightens *Leporello* in "Don Juan."

In a new hamlet upon the open prairie a school mistress about noon saw signs of the coming blizzard, and dismissed her flock and warned them to hurry home. The unpropitious blizzard met them at the door as they started home in different directions. Some reached home in safety but at 3 o'clock, when they should have reached the loving arms of their parents, the majority came not. Then began the agonizing search. Some were found singly, some in groups of two or three, others in larger groups, and with the largest group the teacher herself—All dead. The cheeks so lately rosy with health were now marble white; upon some were frozen tear drops; the lips of others were wreathed in smiles, as if the sleep of death was only a blissful dream. At last accounts some were not found at all, and the lives of adult villagers were sacrificed in the fruitless search. I do not seek to bathe this scene in pathos. I leave it with its bold line out of facts.

But you ask: How are such things possible? We read of one man found dead within seven feet of his house. Of men who have to tie ropes about their waists to go to their barns 300 feet away, and all this in the daytime. Why do they lose their way? Why cannot they see such a short distance?

### WHAT IS A BLIZZARD?

Imagine, if you can, a frozen fog driven with the velocity of a hurricane. The air so full of frozen particles which strike your face like pin heads fired from a musket that you cannot see twenty feet ahead, all this in an atmosphere from twenty to fifty degrees below zero, and you can then form as clear an idea of a blizzard as you'll ever care to get. Its blinding, bewildering effect is first felt. The intense cold brings at first the pain of freezing, then numbness, then stupor, then a sense of blissful sleep and close upon its heels—death.

### WHERE DOES THE BLIZZARD COME FROM?

Where is its cradle, its home? The arctic regions. The papers talk about a blizzard having started from Manitoba, but that is not its home—its starting point. Manitoba is only its half-way house.

"Why do blizzards come by way of Manitoba, and make themselves most felt upon the west side of the Mississippi River? Why do we never hear of blizzards in Canada, New England, and the Middle States?"

Because the Laurentian range of mountains stretches westward from Labrador along the southern line of British America 3000 miles, skirting the north shore of Lake Superior, and tapering out in northeastern Minnesota, furnishing a protecting wall of solid rock 4,000 feet high against blizzards for all the region south of it. Geologists tell us that this range is formed of the oldest silurian or sedimentary rock to be found upon the globe, and that it extends 30,000 feet below the surface.

From northeastern Minnesota to the Rocky Mountains is an open treeless plateau—a great doorway 1,000 miles wide, through which the ice king rushes. From that line southward is, in the main, the same treeless prairie all the way to the gulf of Mexico, forming west of the Mississippi River the royal toboggan slide, 3,000 miles long, upon which his ice-crowned majesty, the blizzard, sweeps in all his jeweled robes to swoon in the arms of the tropical sun. The Texas norther is only the frayed fringes of the blizzard king's mantle as he whirls past.